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SPANISH TREASURE HIDDEN NEAR HERE.

Is in United States Notes
and Amounts to \$172,-
000 or 860,000f.

Buried Four Years Ago by Don
Juan de Servantes, a Cap-
tain of Cavalry.

Was a Republican and Conspirator,
and Deserted with the Funds
of His Regiment.

SENT TO NEW YORK TO BUY ARMS.

According to a Narrative in Letters He
Returned to Spain to See His Sick
Child, Was Apprehended
and Imprisoned.

The story of the desertion of a captain from the Spanish Army, the embezzlement of 800,000 francs and the alleged burial of the treasure somewhere in the suburbs of this city, has come to light through two letters recently received by P. J. Halloran, the proprietor of a small hotel at No. 10 West street.

The house, which is known as the Reunion Hotel, is an old-fashioned, four-story brick structure, a few doors above Battery place. It is patronized chiefly by immigrants. For many years its proprietor was F. Bullino, step-father of Halloran. Bullino died two years ago. The Reunion is well known to the agents of steamship lines on the other side of the Atlantic, who make a business of sending immigrants to this country, and it was probably through some of them that a well-dressed Spaniard found the place four years ago. He appeared at the hotel in September, and talked as though he had heard of the hotel before. He engaged a room with board for \$1 a day.

CALLED HIMSELF DE SERVANTES.
The Spaniard, who was a large, dark man, about forty-five years old, gave his name as Juan de Servantes. His distinguished appearance made him look much out of place among the other inmates of the hotel. He rarely ever went out of the house, except to take a short walk in Battery Park, and had very little to say to any one except young Halloran, who was then the clerk of the hotel.
About a week after the Spaniard's arrival a chambermaid reported to Halloran one morning that while making up the Spaniard's bed she had discovered two revolvers and a knife under the pillows. Halloran went to the room to investigate, and not only found what the chambermaid had reported, but on examining some of the Spaniard's effects found two other re-

volvers of a foreign make, a short sword and a sword cane.
De Servantes was out of the hotel at the time, and when he returned Halloran spoke to him about the weapons. The Spaniard explained their presence by saying that he was in a strange country, and merely had the weapons about him in case he had to protect himself.

Some days after this Halloran invited de Servantes to accompany him to a theatre uptown. The Spaniard at first accepted, but a little later said that he did not care to go. When Halloran insisted he asked many questions about the theatre, as to its locality and the class of people that attended it. He finally agreed to go, but before leaving the hotel armed himself with a revolver and the sword cane.
"If I get into any trouble," he said to Halloran, laughingly, "you get out of the way."

BEFORE THE PLAY ENDED.
The Spaniard seemed to enjoy the show, but at intervals seemed distracted, and long before the entertainment was over expressed a desire to return to the hotel. Halloran finally left the theatre with him before the last act was over.

The remainder of the Spaniard's three weeks' stay in this city was uneventful, and when he left the hotel he told no one of his destination. When telling Halloran and Bullino goodbye, he kissed their hands and said to each:

"You will hear from me again."
Bullino's death prevented his ever hearing from his strange guest, but Halloran heard from him six weeks ago in a letter addressed to Bullino, which Halloran opened. Translated from the Spanish it reads as follows:
Barcelona, Spain, Dec. 15, 1895.—Sir: As you are the only person I know in New York, my terrible situation obliges me to apply to you to confide a secret on which depends the future of my beloved daughter, fifteen years of age, who, orphaned of her mother, is in a school at Malaga, and I now come to ask if you will help me re-enter possession of 800,000 francs in bank notes that I was obliged to hide in an iron box in the suburbs of New York under circumstances I will explain to you later on.

Captain Paymaster in the Spanish Army, I am now a prisoner in this town for a political plot, and being without money I therefore ask you if you will help me re-enter possession of this sum, advancing the travelling expenses of my child, and of the person in my service, who will accompany her to New York, or come yourself to Malaga, and I now come to ask if you will find the box without the slightest difficulty.
Naturally, the half of this sum will be yours. As I cannot receive your letters in prison, you will address them to the person of my service, but in whom I have the greatest trust, and they will reach me in all security. Please address them as follows:

JOSE PERJOL,
7 Calle Mouerret, plaza 3, Barcelona.
For further safety sign only your letter thus: "STEPHEN," and I will sign the same manner hereafter. I cannot give you more particulars before I have your word of honor that you will observe the most absolute secrecy as to our acquaintance, and awaiting your answer, I beg you to receive my best salutations.

JUAN DE SERVANTES.
Halloran thought over the Spaniard's strange letter for several days before deciding to answer it. He finally did answer it, telling de Servantes that he could not promise to act in the matter until he received further particulars. He assured the Spaniard that he would keep the matter a profound secret, even if nothing came of their negotiations. He signed Bullino's name to the letter, and three weeks ago received this reply:

THE EXPLANATION.
Barcelona, Jan. 11, 1896.—Dear Sir: Your let-

ter in hand, and in order that you may know the motive of my condemnation, I send you under other habit a certificate delivered by the governor of the military prison of Barcelona. I will now explain the matter in a few words: We had here a political conspiracy, in which I was mixed. On account of my knowledge of the English language I was elected by the Central Republican Committee to go to America and buy the necessary arms.

The committee ordered me to desert, taking out with me the cash of my regiment that was in my hands and amounted to 440,000 francs, and they gave me 420,000 francs more, with a commission to employ this total of 860,000 francs in purchase of arms as soon as I should receive the order of the committee. I then set out to New York, where I awaited orders, but I soon received terrible news, announcing to me that the plot had been discovered and all my companions arrested. I was quite in despair, not knowing what to do, when I received from Malaga a dispatch telling me that my poor little girl was very seriously ill and that they were despairing of her life.

Mad with trouble I lost my head; my heart was stronger than my reason, and I resolved at all costs to go to my child's bedside and bring her back to America if not too late. I knew that I was risking arrest in Spain, and I thought of placing in safety the sum in my possession. But I could not dream of depositing it in a bank, because if I was arrested the Spanish Government would have too easily found the hiding place. Here is then what I made.

IN AMERICAN BANK NOTES.
I put the 860,000 francs (\$172,000) in American bank notes in an iron box and I resorted to the suburbs of New York, and there in quite a sure place I buried the box. Then I drew a very exact plan of the ground so that with a plan and the measures that I took and noted very carefully I would be able to find the box on my return without any difficulty. After that I bought a cloak containing a secret pocket, in which I put the plan and explanation, and then set out for Malaga.

Alas! I should have listened to my reason sooner than to my heart. For, though I was well disguised, I was recognized at Malaga, arrested and transferred here, where the court martial condemned me to fifteen years' detention in the Isle of Cuba.

I am soon going to start for Cuba, though now my departure is retarded by the war we have there. But before I start I wish to secure the future of my poor beloved child, that I leave alone and abandoned.
A paper enclosed, signed by Don Diego Salgado, commandant of the military prison of Barcelona, certifies that "Don Juan de Servantes, captain of cavalry, son of Don Antonio and Donna Blasa, native of Toledo, widower, forty-two years of age, is actually in the military prison on my guard in consequence of a sentence for the crimes of sedition, desertion and subtraction of the funds of his regiment's cash for the amount of 440,000 francs, that was confided to him, and for which crimes he has been condemned to fifteen years in the military prison, that he must extinguish in a fortress on the Isle of Cuba."

WHAT HALLORAN DID.
After receiving this last letter Halloran decided to search the room formerly occupied by the Spaniard, with the hope of finding some clew to the treasure, or some evidence that the story told in the letters was true. He not only searched the room, but searched every part of the house in which he thought the treasure or the papers that would lead to its discovery might have been hidden. His search was continued for days, but without results. He kept the secret to himself and spent several days in trying to decide in what part of the suburbs of New York de Servantes would have been most likely to hide the treasure. He concluded that "the suburbs" were too wide a field for him to gain anything by searching, so two days ago he confided the secret to one of his friends, who advised him to make the letters public.

IS LADDUE THE BOGIE MAN?

A Respected Farmer of Glen-
ham Suspected of Annoy-
ing the Lang Family.

Found to Have Committed a Bur-
glary, and, with a Compan-
ion, Is Now in Jail.

IS BELIEVED TO BE INSANE.

His Boy's Death Said to Have Turned His
Brain—Langs May Return to Their
Home To-day and Tell What
They Know.

There seems now to be reasonable ground for believing that the final curtain will very shortly be rung down on the hysterical drama which for the past four weeks has been alternately amusing, interesting and alarming the drowsy up-country village of Glenham and its neighboring towns. An incident occurred yesterday that may result in the discovery of the culprits who have been causing all the trouble in that village.

In fact, it is believed that the guilty parties are now in custody in the persons of two men well known in and around Fishkill, who are accused of burglarizing a barn in East Fishkill early yesterday morning. These men are now locked up at Police Headquarters in Fishkill and will be arraigned in court this morning. They are John Laddue, an old and respected resident of Fishkill, and Howard Hawks, of East Fishkill.

Laddue is employed in a Mattawan hat factory, while his companion in misery is a barber, with a shop on Main street, Fishkill.
Sometime on Saturday night, or yesterday morning they left Laddue's barn on Cedar street in an open wagon and drove off in the direction of Glenham. Soon after their departure the snow, which had been falling for some hours, ceased, and it was later discovered that they went beyond Glenham to the sleeping suburb of East Fishkill. Sometime between their arrival there and daylight, a few hours later, the barn of Noncra Bartow was broken into and a quantity of vegetables, corn and live chickens stolen.

When the burglary was discovered and a search made for the stolen property, wagon tracks were found in the snow and traced to the very door of Laddue's barn. Here the stolen property was found hidden under a pile of hay, together with other property that had been stolen from Bartow's place some weeks ago. The two men were promptly arrested.

DID THEY ANNOY MISS SLOAN?
When the news of the burglary was circulated, the belief was aroused that it was these two men who had been annoying Eliza Sloan in the hope, perhaps, that she would abandon her post and leave the Lang household, which she was guarding, a prey to thieves. The route taken by the two men on their expedition on Saturday night brought them past the Lang homestead.

Laddue and Hawks were informed of the suspicions against them in connection with the Glenham affair. Both admitted knowing the Lang house, but denied that they had ever been on the grounds surrounding it, or had given Eliza Sloan a thought until they saw her name in the papers. Miss Sloan will probably be in court this morning and endeavor to decide whether either of the men look like the prowler who

caused her so much alarm and annoyance with his attentions and threatening letters. An acquaintance of Laddue said yesterday that he would not be surprised to learn that it was Laddue who had caused all the trouble in Glenham, though he did not believe that he was responsible for what he did. Four weeks ago Laddue's five-year-old son died after less than twenty-four hours' illness. This lad was his father's pet, and his friend said, he believed his loss had unsettled his reason. He had no reason to resort to thievery for a living, as he had a comfortable home and a devoted family, who are nearly prostrated by his escapade.

A singular coincidence in connection with Laddue's arrest was that on his visit to East Fishkill, on Saturday night's expedition, he drove the same horse and rode in the same wagon that were used on another burglarizing expedition, for which "Tom" Chapman and his chum Randall Waddle, are now serving a month's term in the Albany Penitentiary. The horse is owned by Chapman and was being cared for by the unfortunate Laddue.

LANG TO RETURN.
It was reported in Glenham yesterday that Lieutenant Lang and his wife will return from Boston to-day and will endeavor to solve the problem themselves. The Langs are believed to know more about the letters that Eliza Sloan complains of than they have told, and said and her neighbors are waiting now with impatient expectancy for their return.

Miss Sloan is determined that the mystery shall be solved, and if she decides to-day that Laddue and Hawks are not responsible for her series of troubles, she will institute a searching inquiry into the matter.

Willie Steinberg, the lad who charged Miss Sloan with being the author of the letters, has not been seen in Fishkill or Glenham since he disappeared. His continued absence is a source of great anxiety to Miss Sloan, for she cannot meet his charges except with a general denial until she has him face to face.

Ex-Cadet Buckler is also impatiently awaiting the return of Lieutenant Lang.

WANTED TO DIE UNKNOWN
Suicide in a Lodging House of a Man
Who Tried Hard to Conceal
His Identity.

A young, well-dressed man, of apparent refinement, whose identity the police of this city have been unable to establish, but who may be T. J. McNichols, a clothier, who disappeared from Pittston, Pa., about a year ago, committed suicide early yesterday morning in a Bovey lodging house.
The suicide took every precaution to guard against his identity becoming known. He sent a bullet through his brain. He tore the lining from his hat, obliterated his name from his linen and tore the corner from a silk handkerchief, which was found in one of the pockets of his overcoat.

Not a scrap of paper which might lead to his identification was found in the pockets. In a small leather wallet, however, which he carried in the inside pocket of his waistcoat, were half a dozen pawn tickets representing jewelry and clothing. The pawn tickets bore the names McCarthy and Sweeney, but these, doubtless, were assumed. The extreme caution which the suicide observed in removing every scrap of evidence which might unearth his name and lead to a knowledge of his former life is one of the striking features of the case.

About 2 o'clock yesterday morning the young man entered the Rapid Transit Hotel, No. 369 Bowers, and applied for a room. He registered simply as "Mr. Davis," and was assigned to room No. 26 on the second floor. The night clerk was struck by the evident respectability and gentlemanly manners of the young man, who lingered for a few moments at the desk and asked questions about the lodging house. He particularly inquired if he could remain in his room until the noon hour, as he felt tired, he said, and desired a long rest. "You are

sure they won't disturb me," he said, as he went upstairs.

About an hour later the clerk and the watchman thought they heard a pistol shot. A train on the elevated road was rushing by at the time. The watchman suggested that the noise came from the stove, which, when the gas accumulated in the drum, sometimes explodes. Neither the watchman nor the clerk suspected the truth. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon one of the men who make up the beds on the second floor knocked at the door of room 26. He got no answer. An hour later the day clerk, Charles Masscott, opened the door with a pass key and found Mr. Davis lying dead on the bed. One hand grasped a revolver. A bullet wound from which the blood had ceased coming was in the right temple.

A St. Vincent's Hospital ambulance surgeon said that the man had been dead at least ten hours. The body was removed to the morgue. An examination of the clothing revealed nothing but the pawn ticket and the name of T. J. McNichols, Pittston, Pa., which is the name of the maker of the garment. One ticket represented a diamond pin which had been pawned for \$75, a gold watch for \$50, a ring for \$10 and articles of clothing for small amounts. Another watch had been pawned a year ago.

It was just a year ago that T. J. McNichols, a young clothier of Pittston, Pa., suddenly disappeared from that city, leaving his accounts in a confused state, and many anxious creditors. He also abandoned his wife and baby, who still reside at that place. The missing McNichols answers the description of the suicide. When the disappearance of the missing McNichols was reported last night several persons freely expressed the opinion that he was no other than the Pittston tailor.

CONSUMERS' 'WHITE LIST.'
Conditions in Dry Good Stores That Are
Supported by the League of
Shoppers.

All preparations have been completed for the Consumers' League's sixth annual meeting, which will take place at 2 p. m. Wednesday, in the United Charities Building, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street. Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell will preside, and the principal speakers will be Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. Donald McLeau and, if his health will permit, John H. Daniels, the merchant.
The primary object of the Consumers' League is to ameliorate the condition of wage-earners in mercantile houses. It has established a set of requirements which entitles every establishment that conforms to them to be inscribed upon the League's "white list." The significance of being on the "white list" is explained in the following recommendation with which the "list" is prefaced:

"The Governing Board of the Consumers' League recommends to its members and to all others interested in the welfare of working women and girls, the following retail houses, because, first by their employees and approach nearest to the principles and standard of the league."

The standard of the league has reference to the wages, hours, the physical, sanitary, ethical and aesthetic, and, indeed, all conditions that affect the well-being of employees. A fair house in reference to wages, according to this standard, is one in which equal pay is given for equal work, irrespective of sex, in which the minimum of wages is \$8 per week for experienced adult workers in which times, if imposed, are put into a fund for the benefit of the employees, and in which the minimum of wages of cash girls are \$2 per week.

PAUPER GRAVE FOR A RICH MAN.
Robert Peters, Worth \$12,000, Likely to
Be Buried in Pottery Field.

Robert Peters, a colored man, living at Tremley, N. J., died at a hospital in Elizabeth, N. J., on Wednesday. His body still lies at the morgue there and will be buried in Potter's field on Monday, unless word is received from his relatives.
He is worth \$12,000 and has a sister in Jamaica, L. I., who refuses to bury him. His money is in real estate near Elizabeth.

FOUR BOYS FOR THE WEST.

One Was Whipped and They Started for
Sunday School, but Concluded
to Run Away.

Elvie Shinn, Albert Davidson, Percy Irons and Linden Irons, the two last named being brothers, started from Long Branch, N. J., for the West yesterday. When they left their homes about 2 o'clock they were supposed to be going to attend Sunday school. They are all about eleven to twelve years old.

According to Percy Irons, who was the youngest of the quartet, the Shinn boy received a whipping yesterday morning and on meeting his fellows announced his intention of leaving home. He had \$10 in money and a revolver. The other boys concluded to go with him and the four started to walk to Manchester, ten miles away, to take a train for Philadelphia, it being considered too risky to take a train nearer home.

They tramped five miles of the way, when Percy became frightened and started for home. He got back to Long Branch about 6 o'clock. He told his father where his brother was going and Mr. Irons at once went to the residence of Mr. Shinn. The fathers started at once to drive to Manchester, and thought they could reach that place before the boys could get away. The families of the boys are well off.

COLORED TEACHER DISLIKED.

Talk of Boycotting a Negro Girl Teaching
in a Paterson School.

Gertrude Williams, a colored girl, has for a week been teaching a class in Public School No. 18, in Paterson, N. J. Considerable opposition has already been aroused, and it is alleged, an attempt will be made to boycott her and the school, too.

She is in charge of a class of thirty, is well educated, and the Board of Education maintains thoroughly competent. The members of the Board all say they will stand by her.

Held for Killing a Child.

Joseph Tallet, a truckman, of No. 7 First avenue, was remanded for the action of the Coroner in Essex Market Police Court yesterday. Late Saturday afternoon he ran over and killed the ten-year-old son of Hyman Goldberg, of No. 167 Essex street. Tallet expressed sorrow for what he had done, but claimed he was driving slow and could not avoid striking the child.

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